

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

Without Interracial Justice

Social Justice Will Fail

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Advent in the Home

"COME, DELAY NO LONGER." This plea of the human race to the awaited Christ is repeated ceaselessly by the Church during Advent. Our redemption is at hand, and in a spirit of penance and preparation we eagerly await His coming.

The season of Advent is so rich in meaning, so filled with promise and the anticipation of joy, that we Christians should never neglect to celebrate it in the spirit of the Church. The "preparation" which the secular world makes is not the preparation of the Christian. The magazines and newspapers with their Christmas advertisements, the Christmas cards representing Scottie dogs and kittens, the wild hustle and bustle of the "shopping days,"

the Christmas carols sentimentally crooned through loudspeakers in our department stores—all this is not to make ready for Christ's coming. It is the commercialization of a world that has enshrined Mammon and not Christ.

If we would live with the Church during the season of Advent, we should ponder the mystery of Christ's threefold coming. He came to us not only as a Babe on Christmas

(Continued on page 5)

Bluejacket Choir

By CLEM DOWLING

"FELLOWS, there doesn't seem to be much experienced talent around, so I'm asking all of you barbershop-quartet boys to help us out by joining our Bluejacket choir. You will sing the Mass of St. Basil at the Dedication Mass for our new chapel a month hence."

So spoke our chaplain at Sunday Mass about two months ago. The first practice really brought out the novices, including yours truly, every one of whom secretly thought that he was a better-than-average warbler. I think that three of the fifteen could tell one note from another, but the spirit was there and so was the volume.

We started with the Kyrie. The "Fog-horn Boys," as we dubbed ourselves, ate it up with gusto. Say, this wasn't bad at all! We were good! Then came the Credo, and we began to wonder if we were so good after all, because at one stage we just couldn't go up that high. So our capable leader decided we'd let the girls sing that part alone. Oh yes, the girls of the Holy Infant Academy here at Tacloban, Leyte, were to sing with us, a fact which we accepted as a gift from heaven.

Well, for three weeks the gang practiced diligently and we began to become imbued with the feeling that the folks at home would be amazed at our new talents. We went through the Mass, perfecting each part but the Gloria, which also was to be left to the girls, first because we wished them to have a chance to show off their talents alone, and secondly because we just couldn't get up that scale with a ladder.

However, there was one part that we learned to love more than the others and which we sang with extra feeling. That was Ave Verum. It's beautiful to hear, but it

seemed much more beautiful to sing.

The final week of preparation involved two practice sessions with the academy girls. These girls are students of the Benedictine Sisters and their voices and harmony are comparable to any youthful church choir we have heard at home. Their ages range from eight to eighteen and their voices vary from soprano to contralto. They have been trained to perfection by the efficient and affable Sisters.

(Continued on page 6)

If a Negro Family Moves Into Your Block...

1. If a Negro family moves into your block, sit tight, and get to really know the newcomers before you make up your mind to move. You are likely to find they are every bit as good as your white neighbors.

2. Don't worry because a Negro child sits beside your son or daughter in school. They will get along splendidly, provided you don't interfere. And it will profit them both.

3. Don't form your judgments of Negroes by what you read in the newspapers. There are great masses of decent, honorable Negroes who are being made to suffer for the sins of the few. Negro crime is made higher because of widespread anti-Negro intolerance and discriminations. Christian charity demands the Negro be helped, not condemned.

4. Rid your mind of the bugaboo of interracial marriage. Remember, the Negro feels the same about this as the white man; he much prefers to marry one of his own race. Out of our 30,000 Negroes here, we have had only two interracial marriages in three years.

[Fr. Drew is in St. Augustine's parish in the East Bronx.]

[Interracial Review, 8-45]

The New Society

By BISHOP SHEIL

An address delivered at Friendship House Nov. 11, 1945.

The clash of battle has faded away, and the softer notes of peace are heard. Through the providence of God, we have emerged from the titanic struggle as victors. But a much greater struggle is still going on. It is a social revolution. And the central question of the revolution is whether the reconstruction of the world is to be achieved really with the people, for the people, by the people.

No one has more beautifully expressed this than Pius XII in his Christmas message of last year: "Moreover... and this is perhaps the most important point... beneath the sinister lightning of the war that encompasses them; in the blazing heat of the furnace that imprisons them; the peoples have, as it were, awakened from a long torpor. They have assumed, in relation to the state and those who govern, a new attitude... one that questions, criticizes, distrusts..."

THE Pope notes an abhorrence of all that is past and a feverish desire for reform. He sees over the world a desperate craving for liberty and an unquenched thirst for self-determination. What is the issue of this revolution? It is man: his dignity and his liberty. It is a concerted effort to re-establish the primacy of the human person, in a world

dominated by selfish, cynical and self-willed men.

We have very concrete evidence of this popular ferment in the recent French and English elections. These are proof of the determination of people to build a sound social order. But for the building of a sound social order, we need something more than a desire for change. We must turn first to the traditional concept of men, the Christian concept. Without this, nothing can be built. In this evaluation of man, we learn that man is made in the image and likeness of God; he is, then, of immeasurable value. We learn that men have been redeemed by Jesus Christ; their value is enormously increased. We learn that God is our Father, and Christ our Brother. We find in this Christian, Catholic notion of man our strongest motivation for rebuilding the world.

With this foundation, we can go on to ways and means of rebuilding the world. First, I offer for your consideration the concept of full employment. Let me state emphatically my belief that full employment is possible in America; secondly, that unemployment is unnecessary. I have no patience with that school of thought that maintains that business depressions and mass unemployment are inevitable.

(Continued on page 4)



Welcome to Madonna Flat! Here the staff and guests of Friendship House have lunch and supper with Complaine after supper. The couch to the right accommodates one staff-worker. The one to the left is for the occasional guest. There are two bedrooms to the left for two other staffworkers. Straight ahead is the staff library with Blessed Martin above it and his mouse directly below him at the bottom of the picture. Our black Madonna with her red vigil light is in the right corner of the dining room. To her left is St. Paul's hymn of charity.

As to the other people in the picture, John said he couldn't draw people but we said, "No Madonna Flat without people!" So he put them in with all humility and some of us accept them with the same beautiful virtue, flattering as they may be. That is not a cobweb over the right curtain!

Needed urgently to complete Friendship House News File—Number TWO of the first mimeographed Volume ONE of FHNews. PLEASE SEND TO CATHERINE DOHERTY, 8 W. Walton Place...

HARLEM FRIENDSHIP HOUSE NEWS

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Christmas

THE WOMAN MUST HAVE BEEN VERY TIRED WALKING BY THE SIDE OF THE MAN, SEARCHING FOR A PLACE TO LIE DOWN, FOR HER TIME HAD COME...

Infant Christ... Have mercy on all the women, who are walking in a war-ridden world today, even as your Mother did—alone, or by the side of their men—searching, searching amongst man-made ruins, for a place to lie down and give birth to YOU in their children. FOR AGAIN THERE IS NO ROOM FOR YOU IN THE WORLD'S HEARTS—WORSE—THERE ARE NOT EVEN ANY INNS, FOR MAN HAS NOT ONLY DESTROYED THEM ON EARTH, BUT IN HIS HEART, SO THAT MARY AND JOSEPH COULD NOT EVEN KNOCK AT THEIR DOORS.

Infant Christ... Have mercy, above all, on the women of America, to whom, in Your infinite wisdom, You have given a darker hue of skin, who not only often have no place to give birth to YOU in their children, but whose children ARE HOMELESS ALL THROUGH THEIR LIVES IN SPIRIT AND IN FLESH, FOR WHITE AMERICA HAS SEEMINGLY FOREVER CLOSED THE INNS OF THEIR HEARTS TO YOU IN THEM.

THE CAVE MUST HAVE BEEN VERY COLD, THE STRAW PALLET PRICKLY AND HARD TO HER BACK—AND THE BABY'S. WHAT WERE THE THOUGHTS OF THE MAN WHEN HE SAW THE POVERTY AND PAIN OF HIS LOVED ONES?

Infant Christ... Send the fire of the Holy Ghost to warm a world that is all cold and desolate. In which literally millions of women and their children have nothing but the hard earth to lie upon, which breaks their backs, health and spirit.

Infant Christ... above all send the fire of the Holy Ghost to White America, so that it might see in Black America its brother in YOU and open the doors of man-made Jim Crow slums, that keep so many Negro mothers and their children imprisoned in dwellings worse than the cave You were born in!

ON EARTH ONLY SHEPHERDS, HUMBLE AND POOR CAME TO ADORE AND WELCOME THE CHILD—BORN IN A CAVE—WARMED BY THE BREATH OF BRUTE ANIMALS ALONE.

Infant Christ... Spread your infinite love, tenderness and pity on this war-drunk world, that lies in ruin at Your holy childish feet. Give us, Your human children, good will, so that we might earn Your peace, that no man can take from us.

Infant Christ... heal the wounds of racial strife in America. Bring to its glorious shores Interracial Justice, so that She, Who miraculously has been spared the physical scars of war, might heal Her spiritual ones and become to the world the Hope that She alone can be, can give through the fruits of that Justice which are Peace and Charity.

Infant Christ... GIVE US THE GRACE TO SING THIS FIRST CHRISTMAS AFTER THE WAR, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST AND ON EARTH PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL"—AND MEAN IT.



GLORIA
in excelsis
DEO

K. M. CRATCH

Shepherd's Song

We saw Thee in Thy balmy nest,
Young Dawn of our eternal day!

We saw Thine eyes break from Their East
And chase the trembling shades away.

We saw Thee, and we blessed the sight,
We saw Thee by Thine own sweet light...

Welcome, all wonders in one sight!
Eternity shut in a span!

Summer in winter. Day in night,
Heaven in earth, and God in man—

Great Little One, whose all-embracing birth
Lifts earth to heaven, stoops heaven to earth!

Welcome, though not to gold nor silk—
To more than Caesar's birth-right is...

Welcome, though not to those gay flies
Gilded in the beams of earthly kings;

Slippery souls in smiling eyes—
But to poor shepherds, homespun things,

Whose wealth's their flock; whose wit to be
Well read in their simplicity.

Yet when young April's husband showers
Shall bless the fruitful Maia's bed,

We'll bring the firstborn of her flowers
To kiss Thy feet and crown Thy head.

To Thee, dread Lamb, whose love must keep
The shepherds, more than they the sheep.

To Thee, meek Majesty, soft King
Of soft graces and sweet loves,

Each of us his lamb will bring.
Each his pair of silver doves;

Till burnt at last in fire of Thy fair eyes,
Our selves become our own best sacrifice.

—R. Crashaw

Gloom never yet accompanied true friendship with Christ.

THE POPE TO WOMEN OF THE WORLD

WITH the valiant women struggling away in three different Friendship Houses and with the Director General herself keeping the helm in the ever changing picture in America, with the growing list of volunteers who work more and more wholeheartedly to restore all things to Christ, we announce with joy the message of the Pope recently addressed to all women. This is a small quotation from the full text which can be gotten from Paulist Press, New York City:

"Thus it is a vast field of activity which now lies open to woman and it can be corresponding to the mentality or character of each, either intellectual or actively practical. To study and expound the place and role of woman in society, her rights and duties; to become a teacher guide to one's sisters and to direct ideas, to dissipate prejudices, clarify obscure points, explain and diffuse the teachings of the Church in order more securely to discredit error, illusion and falsehood, in order to expose more effectively the tactics of those who oppose Catholic dogma and morals—is an immense work and one of impelling necessity.... But direct action, too, is indispensable if we do not want the same doctrines and solid convictions to remain, if not entirely of academic interest, at least of little practical consequences."

—From "Woman's Duties in Social and Political Life."

Catholic Literature Crusade

THE world today is flooded with books, pamphlets, and papers, the majority preaching some message which bodes good or ill for society. In their production the skill of the writer is reinforced by the use of current display and pictorial art, with the result that sales figures often top a million copies. These aids are available, so far as finance will allow, to the Catholic Press which is rapidly improving the standard of its publications. But, as many Catholic publications do not find a place on secular bookstalls, some other way must be found to bring them to the people.

The problem of distribution, then, is just as important as production, and an efficient means of selling Catholic publications will benefit both publisher and reader. For increased sales mean greater turnover which can be reflected in the quality and size of the production. Already various methods are in use—press stalls in church porches, press squads delivering straight to homes, church pamphlet boxes, street sales and so on—and a measure of success has been achieved. However, circulation figures of various Catholic publications clearly indicate that much more remains to be done.

IN Australia action was taken in 1941 to tackle the whole question of distribution on a national scale. With the approval of the Bishop's Committee on Catholic Action the Catholic Literature Crusade was then set up to place before all men the printed word of the Faith. The Crusade aims at establishing a distributing group in every Australian parish at present without such a body. Where organizations already exist the Crusade endeavors to aid them in every possible manner.

National Headquarters of the Crusade is in Melbourne, Victoria, and it acts as an information center on all matters pertaining to literature distribution. Details of selling projects of every known kind are available to enquirers, and directions for the establishment and operation of Crusade selling units are issued on application.

Each quarter a bulletin is sent free of charge to every parish in Australia. Though small in size—only four quarto printed pages in all—the space is packed with details of selling technique and reviews, written especially for distributors, of suitable publications, giving prices and publishers' addresses. This bulletin also acts as the organ and means of expression for members of the Crusade. It is also made available without cost to any Catholic engaged in this specialized branch of the lay apostolate.

The Crusade welcomes requests for information and seeks to foster the exchange of ideas with similar bodies throughout the world. Those interested should write to the National Organizer (Mr. J. Toohey), at P. O. Box 163, Geelong, Vic., Australia.

SEGREGATION as a way of life—or shall we say a way of death—is cultural schizophrenia, bearing a curious resemblance to the schizophrenia of individual personality. It is chilling to note the paranoid symptoms of those among us who cling to segregation: their violence, their sensitiveness to criticism, their stereotyped defenses, their inability to identify their overesteem of themselves with the emotional needs of others, their reluctance to reach out and accept new ideas, their profound desire to withdraw from everything hard to face, everything that requires of their personalities further growth.

I cannot endure the idea so many liberals hold that segregation must change slowly. I believe it can change as rapidly as each of us can change his own heart. I believe it will never change until we look at what it is doing to the personality and character of every child, every grownup, white and colored, in the South today—and to less bitter degree throughout the country. Segregation is spiritual lynching. The lynched and the lynchers are our own people, ourselves, our children.

—Lillian Smith,

from "Primer for White Folks" published by Doubleday-Doran Co., \$3.50.

AROUND THE HOUSE

By ANN HARRIGAN

SERGEANT JAMES FREE!

MONTHS ago we wrote about (Sgt) Bernard James who, along with 17 other Negro soldiers, was courtmartialed and condemned in England in May, 1944, to 18 years at hard labor on the unjust charges of a white captain from Mississippi. We then told how the evidence was so flimsy that they all expected freedom at first... but when they filed into prison that night with sentences of from 5 to 18 years each, they were stunned.

"Men, we've failed to get justice at man's tribunal," said Bernard. "Let's all kneel down together to pray where we know now is our only hope, God Almighty."

Private Perry snickered. And when Perry snickered, almost all followed suit. "Oh, our cases aren't that bad!" Perry motioned the fellows to pay him no mind. He always thought James was a sissy anyway.

So Bernard prayed alone that night.

Next evening at prayers one man joined him. The next night a few more... gradually all knelt down before retiring and said night prayers together.

BUT Perry was annoyed... and puzzled. This man James knew a thing or two... What got under his skin a little bit was that James was so popular with the men. They actually idolized him... asked his advice, told him their troubles, relied on him like God himself almost.

But how could any real human not "run after" women? He never got drunk, either.

One day he got up courage and asked Bernard, "Don't you ever run around with women?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, say, man, are you a man?"

"Yes, I am. But I'm a Catholic and the only woman I'll run around with is the woman I marry, and that's that."

Perry found out lots of things about the Catholic Church. For one thing Bernard always seemed to know the answers... and had an air of being "in the know" that piqued Perry. OK, so the Catholics were fine, but so were the Protestants, etc., etc... weren't they?

ABOVE all there was this strange, sweet, unshakable bond that even Perry could feel between Bernard and Christ. The more he got to know Bernard, the more he saw that he was a man, strong physically, wise in judgment, mature in experience... It all got under Perry's skin, this rock-like certainty that possessed Bernard, especially in the early days of prison life when they as Negroes were given the usual taste of Jim Crow.

Perry got into the habit of stealing down to the prison library to look up the answers... that he had fallen down on in the many arguments he and Bernard had as they made and mended shoes.

The class in Catholic Apologetics conducted by a brilliant man, Fr. X, he refused to

go to. One Sunday, however, he heard some sweet music from the Catholics at Mass, went in and joined in the singing.

Soon he began attending Fr. X's class to learn some history, and maybe learn how to argue with Catholics a little better. Three more fellows from his unit were there... the company atheist, too, who got a kick out of baiting the teacher... tho he didn't do so well always. Then, shortly after this Perry was baptized.

NEAR Christmas, 1944, the Army authorities decided to do two things with the 18 of them. The ones with light sentences, like Perry, were to be offered freedom if they signed up for front line duty (Von Runstedt had just broken thru the Belgian bulge). Those with the longest sentences were to be shipped to the U. S. Federal Penitentiary. Bernard was among these.

It was a sad group that divided that day, some toward Europe and freedom maybe, or death, the rest to an American pen...

"Don't be so sad, men," said Bernard. "Don't worry... Makes no difference where they send me... Whether it's Alcatraz, Sing Sing or what... there's one thing they can't take from me... my Christ"... They all looked down to hide the tears... "Besides, look at Perry... He's a Catholic now... and will carry on the things we always did together..."

About 6 months later the war was over. Perry turned up at Friendship House and told us all the details... that Bernard never related in his letters. He told of the little band of ten (the others were either in hospital or US prison) who never let a night pass, no matter where they were, in France or Germany, without kneeling down as Bernard had taught them, all together.

The three other men who took lessons with Fr. X in prison also became Catholics... yes, including the company atheist!

BUT Bernard still rotted in an American jail. Even the ordinary privileges given to prisoners were often denied him under Jim Crow custom. We at FH had tried to secure the help of some influential people. The biggest obstacle here was the need of a factual, brief account of the case. Letters to the Adjutant General began to pour in from all those we could reach, appeals signed by hundreds and hundreds of people... all seemed to avail nothing.

Then Genevieve James interested the lawyer, Leon Despres, in her brother's case. He got to work, aided in the briefing of the 600 pages of testimony by Louise Altenau, an FH worker who spent two weeks typing and transcribing the brief. Finally, a group of lawyers answered our appeal, and lent their aid to Mr. Despres... all convinced that grave injustice was being done in keeping James in jail. The death blow to the case was administered by the Chicago Sun, which coura-



Third Birthday

AS THE DAWN faded into the dusk on 43rd Street, the Feast of St. Martin, Friendship House was approaching the climax of a festive birthday celebration. It took the form of Open House with entertainment scattered throughout the evening, highlighted by the Baroness and climaxed by an inspiring talk from His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sheil.

Two o'clock found the staff and volunteers doing last minute chores in preparation for "X" hour. At the sound of four bells, friends began arriving. Everyone was entranced by the exhibits in the "Casita," the children's abode. The displays of arts, ceramics, nature study, books, etc., bore sparks of genius. The occasion served to augment the spirits of Cliff, Colleen, Bill et al, who have worked untiringly with the children throughout the year.

From the casita to the library was the course of the journey. To this part of F.H. the more intellectual came. Here they learned of activities such as: Adult clubs, Negro History, Spanish Classes, Weekly Forums on Religion and Social Problems and others. Several volunteers, along with creating "p.a." (propitious atmosphere), were soliciting subscriptions to F.H.



geously ran the story on its front page for a week.

Now at last the case of (Sgt) Bernard James is all but in its final stages. The Army ordered this case taken out of regular file to be considered at once. As of November 20, 1945, Sergeant James was sent to Fort Knox, and put in the Honor Division of the Rehabilitation Section.

THANKS must go to God for his release. And then to Mr. Despres, the other lawyers who wish to remain anonymous, to Mr. Julius Klein of the Chicago Sun for a splendid piece of reporting, to Louise Altenau who transcribed the notes of the case... our thanks must be expressed in heartfelt sincerity... as it is to all those others who worked in any way to bring to the attention of the Army authorities and the American public this terrible act of injustice, now happily over.

All that remains is to make an appeal to President Truman for a complete exoneration, and that we will do as soon as possible.

Deo Gratias!

As the Jim Crow Flies

WINDSOR, ONTARIO

"The Legion is going forward steadily. We have new groups started. We had a retreat for Auxiliaries last month. One colored auxiliary made it complete and what's more she is very active in my Praesidium so I feel that at last one of my dreams has come true. The Legion is now ready to work among the colored.

"Blessed Martin de Porres is getting so he is very well known in Windsor. He is helping so much that we never have enough books and relics. There is a girl here who wishes to send \$5.00 to Friendship House in New York. If you could send me the address of the New York House she would appreciate it very much. I thought that Chicago would do, but no. She said that she promised Blessed Martin to send it to Friendship House in New York.

Many favors have been granted, little and big, some almost miraculous.

Did you know that there are two colored nurses in training at Hotel Dieu? We have several boys in Assumption now and four girls in Ste. Claire High. It is slow but coming. Why would not the Baroness come to Windsor instead of Combermere? I don't know where Combermere is but I know that Windsor could do with a Friendship House."

From a letter to Monica Smith

News, and circulating literature of interracial and intercultural nature, one of the chief works of Friendship House. Tasty open-faced sandwiches, cake, cookies and coffee were served throughout the evening.

The Silver Tone Octet, directed by Mr. Henry Garfield, furnished a delightful interlude of popular, semi-classical and spiritual selections. Later in the evening, toward the close of the day, a group of Mexican war-workers and students from Hull House, enchanted the crowd with their crooning of romantic Latin lyrics.

As eight o'clock drew nigh, the library began filling to capacity awaiting the climaxing feature, the arrival of His Excellency, the Most Rev. Bernard J. Sheil, Auxiliary Bishop of the Chicago Diocese. By the time the Bishop arrived, the House was packed, far above its capacity, and the overflow of the crowd made it impossible to get within feet of the door of Friendship House. The window was set up as a stage, furnished with leather cushioned seats, occupied by Her Excellency, Baroness De Hueck, Miss Ann Harrigan (Director of Chicago House) and Master of Ceremonies, Mr. John Yancey, Secretary of the C.I.O., Board member of C.Y.O., Special Consultant to the Mayor's Committee on Race Relations, Hoey Award Winner, 1944.

Miss Harrigan, with a few introductory remarks of thanks to His Excellency, Bishop Sheil, the Baroness, the Staff, Volunteers and friends, presented Mr. John Yancey, who presided and introduced the Foundress.

(Continued on page 4)

CAMP DE JEUNE, N. C.

George Starnes, U. S. M. C., reports back to Friendship House that the 50 copies of Friendship House Speaks he asked us to send him last summer landed him in the brig for 20 days—Charge: possession of seditious literature!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

"In New York November 28, Auxiliary Bishop Bernard J. Sheil of Chicago and Philip Murray, president of the CIO, will be given the Msgr. John A. Ryan memorial award for the outstanding contribution by a Catholic clergyman and layman to the defense of human rights and interracial unity.

The Committee of Catholics for Human Rights will also discuss the establishment of a Philip Murray Fund for the endowment at a leading Catholic university of a chair, a fellowship, or a course of lectures in "Human Rights and Interracial Justice," a project for which this correspondent will dig into his kick with unaccustomed alacrity."

Leahy in CHICAGO NEWS

'Grant, we beseech Thee, O Almighty God, that we, who are filled with new light of Thine Incarnate Word, may show forth in our deeds that which by faith shineth in our minds.'

—Second Mass on Christmas Day.

"...And Ye Visited Me..."

"WHO is James Kennedy?" asked Monica, our new staff worker who is also a trained nurse. James is a young Negro lad whose case was called to our attention by Miss Griffin, a nurse friend, in the county hospital.

Suffering great pain, he had asked her if he could be baptized a Catholic, so she informed us. Post haste we contacted Father John of St. Elizabeth's. (Some day somebody will write an interesting essay on Father John's "technique"). He was baptized and received his First Communion in the hospital.

Now he is home, still suffering a great deal. His sister Audrey takes care of him night and day. What an example of patience they both are to us when we visit them!

Audrey, who wanted to be a nurse but is too frail, is only 19 and what girl of that age is willing to give up her good times to take care of a sick brother? When Monica and I got there the other day she was just finishing washing the last sheet. One look at James told Monica he should have been taken off the sulfa two weeks ago. Monica massaged his back and will take him some balsam for his bed sores. It is seeing James and Audrey that gives us courage to carry on and thank God in our hearts for the gift of good health he has bestowed on us. Deo Gratias!

—Terry.

O God, Who hast brightened this most holy night with the shining of the true light, grant, we beseech Thee, that we may also taste in heaven His joys Whose mystical light we have known on earth.

—First Mass on Christmas Day.

ALLELUIA, ALLELUIA!
COME OUR QUEEN
COME OUR LADY +
INTO THY GARDEN,
* THE SCENT
OF THY GARMENTS
IS SWEETER THAN INCENSE



Third Birthday Who's Who in FH

(Continued from page 3)

Baroness De Hueck, in her dynamic and forceful manner, said: "Behind our success during the past few years is a galaxy of holy and sacred men such as our own Archbishop Stritch and Bishop Sheil." She further reminded the people of how His Excellency is always at our side to give his advice and guidance.

Then Miss Jerry Hooper, a Volunteer, in a poetic manner, presented a gift check from the Volunteers to Friendship House.

"He has done much, not only for the Negroes in Chicago, not only for the Catholics in Chicago, but for all the people. He does things because they are human beings, not because of race." With these ending remarks to a much fuller statement, which introduced Bishop Sheil, the climax of the celebration was reached. Sincerity, forcefulness, and truth, along with holiness, characterized both the manner of delivery and the essence of his talk. This is reprinted in full elsewhere.

Little Master Richard Fullman of the "Casita" took the honored task of thanking the Bishop in his own plain, youthful manner, and presenting him with a Spiritual Bouquet in behalf of the children of Friendship House. Photographers took pictures of the ceremony, while the Bishop cut the cake. As the Bishop left the platform, he was practically mobbed by the crowd clamoring to kiss his ring.

As I glanced around the audience, I noted a number of outstanding figures of the city—Dr. Arthur G. Falls, Dr. and Mrs. Ernst Schwarz, Mr. Eddie Doherty, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Gould, Mrs. Bertina

SHE could have been a bobby sock girl... swooned at the sound of the Voice... yelled at baseball games, spent hours in selecting a man's shirt to wear at some special shindig... But she chooses a better part. She came to Friendship House to give her vivacious smile to the Lord... to give Him all the glorious energy of youth.

Of course, she is over twenty-one... or she could not have been a Staff Worker at Friendship House. But she looks younger, even if she wears her lovely reddish tresses demurely pinned in a coronet on her head instead of sticking out with two ribbons at its side.

She runs the Cubs... those angelic little children who have stumped better and older people than Betty... Yet she does it with a seemingly effortless grace that must surely come from the Lord.

She comes to us from New Hampshire... New England and the Middle West have given so many of their brilliant sons and daughters to us... God bless them. One has to meet Betty Leonard to realize that there is strength of will, stamina and a great love of the Lord and the poor in her young gallant heart. It was St. George we think who must have brought her to us... for she has many of the traits of the holy knight of old. Be sure to say hello to Betty when you visit Friendship House, you will be better for having met her... as we all have been.

Davis, Rev. Daniel Cantwell, Leon Despres, Margaret Nicholson, staff member from the farm, Ray Perry, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Henderson, George Drury and Valerie Thompson.



A Christmas Carol

By G. K. CHESTERTON

The Christ-child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(O weary, weary were the world,
But here is all aright.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(O stern and cunning are the kings,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-child lay on Mary's heart
His hair was like a fire.
(O weary, weary is the world,
But here, the world's desire.)

The Christ-child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him,
And all the stars looked down.

From *Over the Bent World*
Edited by Sister Mary Louise, S.L.



ALLELUIA

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad before the face of the Lord, because He cometh.
—First Mass on Christmas Day.

ALLELUIA

A hallowed day hath dawned for us; come, ye Gentiles, and adore the Lord; for this day a great light hath descended upon the earth. Alleluia.
—Third Mass on Christmas Day.

ALLELUIA

A light shall shine upon this day: for Our Lord is born to us; and He shall be called wonderful, God, the Prince of Peace, the Father of the world to come; of Whose reign there shall be no end.
—Second Mass on Christmas Day.

Have you answered our begging letter yet? Our folder for bills is still full and I do not mean the kind of bills that come out of the mint. Winter is ahead with its many urgent calls. If God has been good to you, please be good to Him in His poor!



The New Society

(Continued from page 1)

They are inevitable only because stupidity, obstinacy, greed and fear have made them so. We believe that it is necessary to organize the world for the preservation of international peace. Why should we not organize our own society to preserve economic peace and avoid economic disaster?

CLOSELY related to the concept of full employment is the concept of the guaranteed annual wage. This is a hard-headed and potent instrument for the construction of a world a man can live in. It is likely that no other single measure would do more to bring about the traditional American dream of a social order worthy of man. It is a very obvious means of aiding men to achieve their temporal and eternal end as human beings and children of God. A very apparent benefit of the annual wage would be the increased stabilization of family life. Who can measure the good this alone will give us, since a strong family life is the basis of a strong nation?

Again, for the building of a sound social order, I strongly urge that labor unions extend their activities beyond a mere definition of wages and hours and the settlement of isolated grievances. These are the minimum actions of any labor union. I submit that all labor unions must participate in the management of industry. This is not a bid for anarchy; but a bid for that form of "partnership which would permit a graduated share in the ownership and profits of business and also some voice in its management." This is not a question of labor taking over management, lock, stock, and barrel. It is simply the workers' request that they should have a voice in things that affect them vitally.

FOURTEEN years Pius XI gave expression to this desire of labor: "In the present state of human society... We deem it advisable that the wage contract should, when possible, be modified somewhat by a contract of partnership, as is already being tried in various ways to the no small gain both of the wage-earners and of the employers. In this way wage-earners are made sharers in some sort in the ownership, or the management, or the profits."

Further, a world that is worthy of man must be free from the deadly disease of race prejudice. If we are truly Christian, we cannot preach one thing and practice another. Nor, if we are truly democratic, can we preach equality and deny it to millions of our fellow Americans. We recoil with horror from Buchenwald and from Dachau. We cannot find words adequate to describe our revulsion. Yet are our hands quite

clean? Can we denounce the appalling atrocities in Germany and ignore our own practices? We have not erased racism from the conscience of the world by defeating Germany. It is still a live and bitter issue to millions of Americans this very day.

I deplore and I disavow with all the strength of my being, the hate which is deliberately fostered by persons who call themselves "Americans." I hate the hate which tries to twist and pervert the American spirit into an unlovely, unlovable thing. I am nauseated by our native Fascists, who use racism as a weapon of political and economic domination. But more, I am sickened and ashamed by those religious leaders, of all beliefs, who blandly ignore the entire issue.

STRANGELY enough, there are people who oppose any change in the existing social order. Every measure of social order, every measure of social enlightenment, makes them quiver with fear. They warn us of the imminent threat of Communism. But I have always believed that America need never fear Communism. For Communism is no danger in a society where justice and charity prevail. Communism is no threat in a decent and humane economic structure. If we work indefatigably to bring about a Christian economy in accordance with the magnificent teachings of the Popes, we shall strike the most telling blow against Communism. Communism is not attractive to men and women who are well-clothed, well-housed, well-fed. It would be no threat, if we would implement the fertile truths of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution; truths which we have too long regarded as oratorical flourishes; truths which we have too little regarded as seeds of dynamic democracy.

But it is idle to think that we can pursue this objective in America alone. It is our national responsibility to be international in our outlook. Events of the past year have made the arguments for or against internationalism academic. In particular, the atomic bomb has made isolationism

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Advent in the Home

(Continued from page 1)

day; he comes secondly in the souls of men, converting them to Himself. His third coming will be at the end of time, when he comes as our Judge. And so, as we await the anniversary of Christ's coming in the flesh, like the Israelites of old we put on sackcloth and ashes, doing penance so that our souls will be ready to receive Him. To aid us in our Advent preparation the Church places before us three great saints — the prophet Isaias, John the Baptist, and the Blessed Virgin Mary. Isaias foretold the coming of Christ, John the Baptist "prepared the way of the Lord," and Mary humbly accepted the will of God. If we live this season as they did we will live it as the Church wishes us to, and our hearts and homes will radiate the true spirit of Advent.

IN OUR HOME we begin this season by ceremoniously hanging the new calendar. It must, of course, be a Christian Life Calendar or some other one that begins the year with the Church. The members of the family, and any friends who are present, form a little procession, carrying blessed candles and singing the "Alma Redemptoris Mater." The father of the family carries the calendar. After the old year's calendar has been taken down and the new one hung in its place, he leads the family in the recitation of the Angelus.

Another task which occupies us this first day of the season is the making of the Advent wreath, a beautiful custom which in parts of Europe goes back many generations. A wreath is formed out of evergreen or holly and four blessed candles placed in its center. The wreath itself is a symbol of eternity, while the candles, one for each of the weeks of Advent, represent the ages of time that the human race awaited Christ's first coming. When completed, the wreath is put in some prominent place in the home. We place ours on the small table at our family shrine, for it is there that the family gathers for evening prayers. During the first week of Advent one candle is lighted, the second week two are lighted, and so on until the fourth week when all of them give forth their light, symbolically marking off the time of our waiting. On Christmas eve we place in the center of the wreath a large candle decorated with Christmas symbols to represent Christ.

Since the essential part of our Advent preparation is daily Mass and meditation on the liturgy of the day, it is a good thing for the family to spend a few moments, perhaps after evening prayers, to study the Mass of the following day. One of the best ways I know of explaining the season's liturgy to children is to

allow them to enact it. What child will forget the meaning of Advent after he has been John the Baptist in the desert calling all men to "make straight the way of the Lord"?

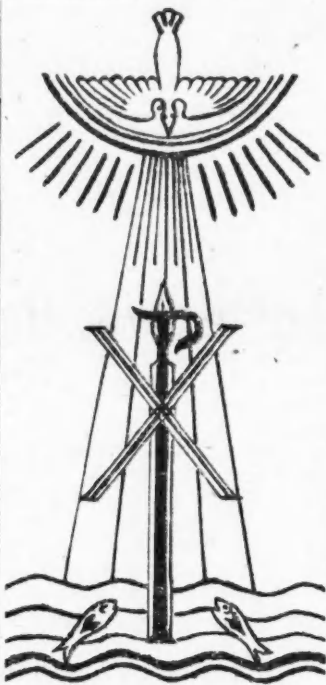
ON THE WEDNESDAY of Ember Week we follow the age-old Catholic custom of presenting the mystery play of the Annunciation. Children love to act out this simple scene between the Angel Gabriel and Mary, told so beautifully in St. Luke's Gospel. As a prelude, one of the children should read aloud the prophecy of Christ's birth set forth in the Epistle for the day, "Behold a Virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and his name shall be called Emmanuel." This practice of acting out the liturgy can be continued all during the Christmas season, so that Christ will be kept central in the family's thought at this time. And what splendid material there is for dramatization in the great Christmas-tide feasts—the Feast of St. Stephen, the Holy Innocents, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, the Holy Family, Christ's Baptism in the Jordan, His first miracle at Cana.

There are "practical" preparations which must be made during Advent, we know, but these too can be made in such a way that they contribute to the spiritual preparation. The children can be gathering together things for the crib and the Christmas tree. Gradually the crib scene will be assembled, leaving the manger empty until Christmas eve. The children can also be planning for the gifts they will give to the family and friends, remembering always that the Christmas gift is given in a spirit of love. We give them to each other in commemoration of the Magi who brought their gifts to Christ from afar, and of Christ Himself, the greatest of all "gifts." When gifts are handmade they are much more likely to express love than those bearing the marks of hasty mass production. Hence, part of each day might be set aside for the making of gifts. And since almsgiving goes hand in hand with penance and fasting, the children will also be preparing a basket of food, clothing, and toys to be given to some poor family.

During the last week of Advent, when the world trembles in anticipation of Christ's arrival amongst us, the Church each day introduces the Magnificat with one of the Great Antiphons, calling upon the approaching Redeemer with his rarest titles—O Wisdom, O Adonai, O Root of Jesse, O Key of David, O Orient, O King of the Gentiles, O Emmanuel. Our evening prayers during this week should certainly include the Magnificat with these antiphons, and it should be part of the father's task to explain their meaning to the family. With a little aid the children might even prepare a sym-

LOVE

"IT IS LOVE makes faith, not faith love. We are saved, not by any of these things, but by that heavenly flame within us, which, while it consumes what is seen, aspires to what is unseen. Love is the gentle, tranquil, satisfied acquiescence and adherence of the soul in the contemplation of God; not only a preference of God before all things, but a delight in Him because He is God, and because His commandments are good; not only violent emotion or transport, but as St. Paul describes it, long-suffering, kind, modest, unassuming, innocent, simple, orderly, disinterested, meek, pure-hearted, sweet-tempered, patient, enduring. Faith without Charity is dry, harsh, and sapless; it has nothing sweet, engaging, winning, soothing; but it was Charity which brought Christ down. Charity is but another name for the Comforter. It is eternal Charity which is the bond of all things in Heaven and earth; it is Charity wherein the Father and the Son are one in the unity of the Spirit; by which the Angels in heaven are one, by which all Saints are one with God, by which the Church is one upon earth."—Cardinal Newman.



CHRISTI SUMUS!

REJOICE WITH US!

Donald and Nancy Du Bois joyfully announce the birth of

PAUL MARTIN JOSEPH

on the twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost, October 14, 1945, and his REBIRTH into the Mystical Body of Christ through Holy Baptism on the Feast of CHRIST: THE KING, October 28, 1945.

He has sent children upon the earth to bless His Holy Name

bolic design representing each antiphon. If done on cardboard and colorfully painted, they can be hung about the home as decorations for the Christmas season.

AT LAST the blessed day arrives. When the Advent preparation has been made with the Church, we are sure to welcome Christmas not as the feast of Santa Claus, but as the feast of Christ's incarnation. On Christmas eve the family gathers around the Advent wreath. The new candle rep-



The New Society

(Continued from page 4)

possible. If ever a lesson was taught in galling and bitter experience, it is the lesson of unity, the unity of all people and of all nations. The future peace cannot endure unless the unity of mankind is recognized. Pius XII has said: "... there is only one way of getting out of the meshes in which war and hate wrapped the world; namely, a return to the solidarity, too long forgotten, a solidarity not restricted to these or those peoples, but universal, founded on the intimate connection of their destiny and rights..."

In the reconstruction of the world, Catholics must take a more active part. Catholics have already done much, finding their inspiration in the unparalleled social pronouncements of the Popes. It is heartening to acknowledge that there are groups of Catholics who are in the forefront for social reconstruction. One such group is Friendship House. It is not easy to define Friendship House and the work which is done here. But one thing is clear. Friendship House is neither left nor right; neither progressive nor reactionary; it is simply Catholic. That means that this group believes utterly in justice and charity; they believe that justice and charity have to be practiced in every sphere of life. They accept the doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ completely; they live the Mystical Body of Christ. It is tragic that there are not more Catholics with such a lively sense of vocation.

Priests and laity alike must know that basic changes are occurring. They must recognize that solutions to the social problems cannot be found in aloof detachment. And they must realize that the social problem is all around us. The social problem is the poverty of the slums, breeding grounds of disease and crime; the social problem is the despair of a jobless father; the social problem is the gaunt face of an undernourished child. The social problem is the obstinate, selfish greed of men who deny that they are their brother's keeper. The social problem is injustice, wherever it exists, in whatever form. From Leo

XIII to Pius XII, the Popes have urged priests to win back the workingman to the Church. "Go to the workingman, especially where he is poor and, above all, go to the poor," said Pius XI. "The great scandal of the 19th century is that the Church lost the working class." May it be the great glory of the 20th century that the Church won back the working class.

To win them back, it is increasingly clear that we of the Catholic clergy and laity must take our place uncompromisingly on the side of the poor. Most of our people are poor and in ordinary circumstances. Most of our priests and bishops are from the poor. We must be the champions of the ordinary people of the world, whether they are Catholic or not. We must realistically interest ourselves in the laboring people, using whatever prestige and authority we possess to defend them against the ready onslaughts of the rich and mighty. And, if we are accused of advocating changes which favor the ordinary man, then we freely acknowledge our guilt. The balance has too long been the other way.

WE cannot dismiss the world as decadent and dissolute. If we do the world will dismiss us as irrelevant and superficial. We must know modern man and enter intimately into his problems. Men are not influenced by anything that does not enter into the very marrow of their being. Michael de la Bedoyere is especially pertinent here; "Does the Church, do the Christians, do the clergy themselves make contact with the world at the level of the world's sufferings; or do they stand above, hanging on to the last ridges of a world that is gone, away from the dirt and smell and blood, beckoning to those below and expecting them to rise by spiritual enchantment?"

We cannot continue to leave the reconstruction of the world to the religiously indifferent; we dare not let the magnificent social doctrine of the Church lie fallow, unused; perhaps even unread; while others, more energetic and more prepared, apply truncated or even vicious social remedies. It is only through the full social teaching of the Church, and the actions of Her priests and bishops and laity, that the Church's social doctrine can leaven the world. Inspired by the Church's unending fight for the dignity and liberty of man, we can build a world a man can live in; for the Church is the unerring teacher, setting her mind and will to leading men, God's children, out of the valleys of oppression and hate, into the realm of freedom and justice.

BLACK AND WHITE BY EDDIE DOHERTY

THE extraordinary value of the lay apostolate was accented again in a recent broadcast over the Catholic hour, by a fervent new convert, Fulton Oursler, senior editor of the Readers' Digest.

Mr. Oursler, who entered the church three years ago, spoke on the power of the atomic bomb, and contrasted it with the unlimited power of God.

In a talk as profound as it was simple, he spoke of the energy of rushing stars, the energy of atoms, the energy developed by man to blast great cities into powder and destroy every living thing within them.

And he talked of the power, the energy with which Christ blessed all mankind by His passion and death on the cross—power and energy that can be tapped at will by any Christian, forces incomparable to any that science can ever produce.

Mr. Oursler, my old boss on Liberty magazine, passed through Chicago a few days ago. We lunched together at the Continental Hotel—which you may remember as the old Medinah Temple. And I asked him if he had had any response from the radio audience.

"I've had so many letters," he admitted, "I haven't been able to answer them all. And the curious thing—the thing I can't understand—is that the great majority of them were written by Protestants. They wanted to know more about this subject. And they made a point of saying—nearly every one of them—that they'd rather hear a Catholic layman talk about religion than any number of Catholic priests."

Many other Catholic laymen have known a like experience, and a similar astonishment. Why should non-Catholics prefer to hear the truth from us, rather than from those ordained to preach it? Do they still believe that priests have horns, and cloven feet? Or do they prefer plain talk to "ecclesiastic oratory"? Priests speak as plainly as we do, and with more authority. Yet—

Let's not worry why this is so. Let's take advantage of it.

Bluejacket Choir

(Continued from page 1)

THE SISTERS had us grinning from ear to ear with their praises of our vocal ability and our earnest fervor. Following our last combined brushing-up practice, our chaplain threw a little party with ice-cream and cokes. Community singing which followed was amazing in that these Filipino girls gave out with renditions of "Dark Town Strutters' Ball," "I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas" and numerous other American songs. They really were good. Our amazement and admiration knew no bounds when three of the girls took turns at the piano, displaying marked ability in playing classical and semi-

STAFF REPORTER

By M.C.K.

WHEN the Baroness was in Harlem lately she inaugurated an indoctrination course for volunteers which meets Tuesday and Thursday evenings in the reading room. This will continue for a month and from then on, only on Thursdays until a group of new volunteers needs an intensive course again. On Thursdays the volunteers get supper for the staff and themselves and a very good one, too. The course consists of learning the principles of the lay apostolate laid down by our Holy Father. Friendship House's working out of these principles in action is explained by the director, by priests who have known Friendship House for a long time, and by early workers who have been thoroughly indoctrinated by the Baroness in the necessity of bringing the world back to Christ through personal sanctification and the works of mercy, especially striving for interracial justice. Articles about Friendship House by the Baroness, Eddie Doherty, Ellen Tarry, or Mary Jerdo Keating are read. Leaders of other forms of the lay apostolate will also present their ideas and their way of carrying them out.

During November Maurice Mahon, a charter member of Friendship House, gave a fine talk on what Friendship House meant to him. He told of the night the Baroness spoke to the young people of St. Mark's parish in the church hall. She told them they were Catholics every day in the week, not just on Sunday, and should show it in their lives. They were Negroes who did not have the rights to which they were entitled as members of the Mystical Body of Christ or even as Americans and should work to obtain their rights. The boys didn't know what she

was up to and three high school graduates, Maurice, Allen Archibald, and Cyril Wallace went up to her flat to "tear her apart" but she "tore them apart" instead. She made them realize that they had rights from God and "threw the whole spiritual book at them." Charlie Schwartz and some of the priests from St. Mark's sat out on the rectory steps with them and discussed the encyclicals. They found out the Church had the answers and the Popes had given them with blunt outspokenness. (One of the Catholic Workers said that their pickets had carried quotations from the encyclicals and people had thought they were Communist propaganda.)

THEN the Baroness had to find larger quarters. Maurice's crowd helped clean the place and put up shelves in the rooms which were going to be a library, clothing room, or children's clubrooms. At first they were unwilling to welcome non-Catholics into their group as the Baroness wished, but they began to make converts and gave in.

Adventures of all kinds happened. One day Maurice and Cyril were collecting clothing on Riverside Drive. On their way home with a large bag and two big boxes they were stopped by "the law." When asked what was in his bag Maurice said, "Look for yourself." He didn't know as he hadn't looked in it. The policeman found only old clothes. The same happened with Cyril's boxes. The large crowd which collects at any occurrence laughed. Maurice gave the policeman some information about Friendship House and new friends were gained. The story seems a little sad to Maurice now as Cyril lost one of his arms in the war.

classical pieces. When the Nun left the room for a brief while they furtively watched her disappear down the corridor, then flying fingers began to play "Jersey Bounce" and "One O'clock Jump." The sudden reappearance of our jovial Nun found us all rhythmically clapping hands to the tempo of the music. Everything stopped abruptly and guilty faces turned to her, but a smile broke over her serene face and she said, "Go on, this is a special occasion." So on the music went, and we forgot that we were in the Philippines and not in our own front parlors.

Later, on our way back to the base, the feelings of the entire gang were expressed by the statement of one of the boys: "Gee, that's the best time I've had in a long time!" It was certainly true. It was also a fact, though it had at first escaped us, that we had in a small way fostered and cemented true and lasting friendship between America and the Philippines. Our common Faith had brought it about.

We all were aware that a certain understanding, admiration and love for liturgical singing had been born in us. We knew that henceforth we

would listen with much more respect to the music of our Church. We found something new to admire, which subconsciously increased our interest in and love for our Church's liturgy. But this was only an awakening to something we had taken as a matter of course and formerly almost ignored.

The Dedictory Mass was beautiful and inspiring, and the singing of the combined choirs was surprisingly excellent. For us it was a nostalgic experience. Not many of us will join our parish choirs at home, because we're aware of our potentialities, but we're going to be more interested listeners and therefore lovers and critics of an invaluable part of our Church liturgy.

Help us to keep Friendship House open as a sign of hope to the Negro, who is last hired, first fired!

Return Postage Guaranteed
FRIENDSHIP HOUSE
34 West 135th St., New York 30, N. Y.

The Baroness Jots It Down

TO ALL the good pen-pals of Heywood McNeil, the paralyzed boy of whom we wrote sometime ago, asking for letters and Catholic literature, I have to tell the sad news that he has passed to his eternal reward last week. R. I. P. Pray for his saintly soul. His sister begs me to thank one and all of you who have made his last year on this earth so pleasant.

Are you expecting the arrival of a new baby? ... Then be liturgical about its Baptismal Certificate. **The Viterbo College, 815 South Ninth Street, La Crosse, Wisconsin, run by the good nuns of St. Francis**, has such for sale. Prices are: on plain paper, 25 cents, on special paper, 35 cents. **Be sure to mention when ordering that it is for a boy or a girl.** And while we are on the subject of new things, there is that wonderful new calendar giving the lives of the saints, the Mass ordo of the day, and all sorts of wonderful information. You can get one for only a dollar from **La Verna Publishing Company, Stowe, Vermont.**

PAUL Martin Joseph, Don and Nancy Grenell Du Bois' son, most certainly is going to be a liturgist. This perfect 6 pounds 8 ounce baby boy, was baptized on the great feast of Christ the King. He had a liturgical baptismal robe, made by Ann Harrigan,

director of our Chicago House. A liturgical candle made by Flewly, and he's got that liturgical baptismal certificate I was telling you about just now. I was his proud Godmother, and since I too love the liturgy, it all went together. Nancy, you all remember, was our director of FH in New York City, before Miss Mabel Knight took over. As it often happens life and death walk, but few feet apart. A week after the baptism Mabel suffered a great loss and everyone in Friendship House felt it with her. Her saintly father died, and we ask you in your great charity to pray for his good soul and for Mabel and her family.

BY THE time you read this the begging letters of Friendship Houses, Chicago, New York, and Marathon City, Wisc., will have been on your desk maybe for quite a while. Look them up. ... if you have forgotten them. ... The need is great. ... The tasks of peace in a place like ours, almost more difficult to do than the terribly tragic tasks of war. ... I won't bore you with the repetition of our needs ... you know them almost as well as we do, dear faithful friends ... so I will finish this little column of mine with a favorite poem of mine:

When a man dies
He carries in his
Dead hands ... only that
Which he has given away!



One incident was on the athletic side of the program. Friendship House was playing a white CYO team in Central Park. One play was close and the white park umpire decided in favor of the white team. Believing the umpire decided because of race prejudice, the white team put him out and went on with the Friendship House umpire. Maurice was manager of the team and said the sportsmanship of white Catholic boys impressed him very much.

Maurice and his friends visited youth groups throughout Harlem and sought out the Catholics in them. They brought these to Friendship House, too. They were Catholic Harlem in action. Like St. Paul, they became all things to all men that they might save all.

ALL of us at Friendship House rejoice with the three old volunteers who on December 1 received the greatest privilege God bestows on man, the powers of His holy priesthood. On the following Tuesday they said a solemn High Mass for

Friendship House and it gave us the most wonderful feeling to realize that now they were Father Jim Kaufman, Father Ed Dugan, and Father Bill McMahon. They sent us a booklet containing the beautiful ceremony of ordination. One delightful part is in the Bishop's charge to the clergy and people:

"Dearly beloved brethren, as all on a ship, both the captain and the passengers, have the same reasons for confidence or for fear, they should act together with one mind, seeing that their interests are the same. ... If, then, anyone has aught in their prejudice (these Deacons whom, by God's help, we are about to ordain priests) for God's sake and in God's name, let him boldly come forward and speak ..."

To those about to be ordained he says, "Let your teaching be a spiritual remedy for God's people; let the fragrance of your lives be a delight to the Church of God, that both by preaching and example you may build up the house—that is, the family of God. ... So pray we all!"